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### WHEN LOVE IS DONE

WHEN love is done, then let me steal away.  
And in some lonely valley spend my years,  
Where sad regret seeks recompense in tears,  
And sorrow's bitter clouds o'erhead will stay,  
Or winter's frosts fore'er bar out sweet May,  
Where comfort's voice is lost in sombre fear,  
While through the drear, still night we only hear  
The melancholy owlet's mournful lay.

No longer to the seas may rivers run,  
And may the sun shine brightly n'er again,  
May chill and dreary cold supplant gay spring.  
May nevermore the birds sweet carol sing.  
No more the cadent dripping of the rain  
But black and darkling night—when love is done.

—*LaFayette Lentz Butler.*

DANIEL WEBSTER  
APOSTLE OF NATIONALITY  
*McLean Prize Oration*

THE life of Daniel Webster, the great American orator, is one of single and tremendous progress.

The expansion of his powers, the mastery of law and politics, the victory over the ordinary obstacles of a career, from a humble border farm to the tribunal on which he stood as the strongest defender of the constitution and its liberties are the pride and admiration of every true American.

As a child, Webster's heritage was more auspicious than that of many of our nation's heroes. Force of will, force of mind, force of character, were the three predominant qualities in the boy's father. Physically feeble, Webster escaped the arduous tasks assigned his brothers, and, amidst the quiet splendor of New England hills, his fertile, imaginative brain developed, unrestrained, revealing that supreme poetic quality, which defies analysis, but is at once recognized as genius.

As a college boy, in a series of crude, yet fervid speeches, Webster began to preach love of country, the grandeur of American nationality, and fidelity to the constitution as the bulwark of our nation. It was the same message, which the man, Webster, delivered to his fellow men. Many years later, when he had become a lawyer of world-wide fame, he was called to defend Dartmouth College from the attack of a hostile state legislature. How often, since that day, have college men felt the appeal of those simple, sincere words with which he closed his case: "Sir, you may destroy this little institution. It is weak, it is in your hands. I know it is one of the lesser

lights in the literary horizon of our country. It is, sir, as I have said, a small college, and yet there are those who love it."

This case shows Webster a great constitutional lawyer and a powerful federalist. The court's decision in his favor went further than any other in our history toward limiting state sovereignty, and extending federal jurisdiction; and the extension of federal power was conservative, pacific and just. Upon it rests the assurance that the foundations of human confidence shall not be rudely or wantonly disturbed.

As a politician, Webster stood for those principles which were dear to the heart of the New Englander, yet, as he himself once said, there were no Alleghanies in his politics. In the worst of times, in the darkest hour, he had faith in the redeeming qualities of the people as a whole, everything about the man was big—his body, his mind, his sympathies. He loved the immensities of nature, especially the limitless sea, where, among the brown marshes and sand-dunes, the sense of infinite space is strongest, and so, with liberality of opinion and breadth of view, American nationality came to be his lifelong political creed.

Year followed year. The struggle between state and federal rights waxed hotter. On one side were the southern states, led by the cool, penetrating mind of Calhoun. On the other was Webster and the north, while between the two, now swaying one way, now the other, were the new states of the west.

Finally the eloquence of Hayne brought matters to a crisis. New England, federal power, the supremacy of the nation over the state, were brilliantly and fiercely assailed. Webster realized that the moment for the supreme effort of his life had arrived, and he gathered all his splendid forces for that effort. His whole life had been a preparation for such an order. The fate of a nation hung in the balance.

His speech was the grandest utterance since the days of Demosthenes. It made peaceable secession a mockery, and withdrawal from the Union equivalent to civil war. He defined the character of the Union as it existed in 1830, and that definition, so magnificently stated, went home to the hearts of the people and formed the rock on which his country stood in the hour of trial. The reply to Haynes was splendid, unprecedented eloquence, but it spoke truest when it became wisdom to Lincoln and valor to Grant; it rang loudest when heard along the front of battle, and inspired immortal deeds of heroism on a hundred fields.

Historians have attempted to blacken the name of Webster, accusing him of sacrificing the best interests of his country to political purposes. They forget how he carried the Ashburton treaty through amidst a storm of popular disapproval; they forget how he quietly set the threats of his party at defiance and cast his presidential aspirations to the wind; they forget that fine instance of moral and political courage, when, like the old Roman general Regulus, he cried to the party bosses, "My public life is at your mercy, my honor is at no man's mercy."

The closing years in Webster's life were darkened by disappointment and failure. I speak not of failure to reach the presidency. That might add to the fame of men of lesser calibre, never to that of Daniel Webster.

With statesmanlike foresight he saw the approaching storm of civic strife. He saw that national fabric for which he had given all his splendid energies crumbling before a relentless foe. Against this foe he hurled his mighty combination of heart, conscience and brain. But he was fighting a hopeless fight. Compromise was in absolute conflict with the awakened conscience of the North, and the intrepid enthusiasm of the South. He stood between the two forces, and because he refused to ally himself with either, he gained northern hatred and southern disdain. In the light of patriotic fervor men

saw only the ideals for which they were struggling. Webster saw the awfulness of the approaching catastrophe. The outcome of events has done much to justify his policy. The cost of the civil war was beyond human comprehension. The question of the relation of the white man to the black still remains unsolved.

Daniel Webster stands to-day as the pre-eminent champion and exponent of nationality. In his fidelity to that great cause he never wavered. His creed became unconsciously part of the life of the people, and inspired them to keep the Union inviolate and intact. Here lies the debt which America owes to Webster. His life, his intellect, his achievements shall forever go hand-in-hand with the maintenance of a great republic and the fortunes of a great people. So long as the Union of these states endures and holds its proud position in the family of nations, shall the name of Daniel Webster be revered, and his immortal words, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," find an echo in the hearts of his countrymen.

—Howard R. Stiles.



## A FRAGMENT

**I**T is a chilling, dreary night of gloom,  
And all the valley, full of loathsome bogs,  
Is reeking with a thick and smoking mist  
That deep enfolds those fearsome awful forms.  
Trees? No, but rather mighty looming ghoul—  
Great shadow-tenacles with danger rife.  
Oh, hearken! How the whitened rattling stalks  
Of old dead water-grasses make the place  
A valley full of shaking skeletons.  
A dismal place, the home of croaking frogs,  
Of softly-flapping bats—by man deserted—  
Look! Is that a man or shadow? There!  
Another! How they creep and crouch and bend  
Where're the gloom is deepest. Look! A girl!  
Thou traitress! Fitting haunt is this for thee,  
For on thy hands, and thy companion's, is  
A stain, that strikes into thy being—blood.

—*Spencer W. Phraner.*

## PERRION'S MASTERPIECE

**M**Y guide paused at the end of the long gallery. "See this wonderful 'Sunset,' there—on the left—bad light now—extraordinary effects—old school—"

I was listening indifferently. I had withdrawn a few paces and was absorbed in a plain, but very remarkable portrait which he seemed to have overlooked.

The guide followed my gaze. "Found the 'Perrion' too, eh? Wondered if you'd notice it."

There was a small group of persons regarding the picture intently and solemnly. Now and then someone would retire from the group and, upon reaching the door, would invariably dart a final glance back over his shoulder as if bound by a unique fascination.

It could not be easily forgotten, although on account of its subdued tints, the picture would not ordinarily arrest attention. It was the face of a man whose features were distorted into such an indescribable expression of horror that a hundred guesses might mistake his age. Only the head and an arm were visible, protruding from the depths of a marshy, oozing bog. The face portrayed at once deadly anger and mortal pain.

So striking was its peculiar reality that it appeared to emerge from the canvas in distinct and menacing relief. Upon the countenance the most frenzied emotions were so subtly mingled as to defy interpretation.

"What is it?" I begged the guide who seemed to be awaiting my question.

"There is a bit of a story connected with it. It is mostly his own account and serves as an explanation."

"You have probably never heard of Perrion," he continued, correctly interpreting my encouraging silence.

"This is the only work that he left, for he died soon after its execution.

"Perrion lived in the southern part of France and possessed the impulsive and passionate nature of a native Frenchman. Many years ago he became engaged to a beautiful girl. Fearing parental opposition he resolved upon an elopement, but his plans were cruelly frustrated by a jealous rival, who, being seven years of age, had the advantage over him of a year's experience in the ways of a man with a maid. Discouraged by the failure of the younger suitor she received the advances of his more clever rival, leaving the proud young Frenchman no choice but a resort to an honorable test of superiority.

"In spite of the advantage of a year's experience, the elder found himself no match for his antagonist, and as Heloise bent over his prostrate form, carefully dabbling the spot where Pierron's wooden sword had scratched, he divined with a pang that he had again lost the superior position.

"However, it was but the beginning of the struggle. With almost frivolous regularity the affections of Heloise underwent alteration until she had attained the more constant age of eleven. She understood people and things now and weighed the situation with a sagacity and impartiality becoming her years.

"The slight difference in the ages of the two wooers was no longer of any importance. Royer was the handsomer and larger of the two, and Perrion, who was remarkably clever with his pencil, sought to belittle this factor and enhance his own desirability by executing wonderful caricatures of his rival. Heloise was not slow to grasp the value of this intellectual asset and the eyes of the youthful goddess would turn toward the younger.

"But the years passed and Heloise failed to understand her own heart. When the tide of disfavor turned toward Perrion he would steal away into the woods seeking distraction with his brush and pencil. In his depres-



sion he would seek out the most inaccessible and obscure spots. He would penetrate far into the treacherous marshes and swamps and brood in unbroken silence while his imagination was free to guide his brush with the most fantastic and melancholy conceptions. Being wealthy, he never used his talent except for his own diversion, and most of these sketches were lost.

"He failed to suspect that his frequent absences were proving a disadvantage and that Royer was gradually monopolizing the time and affections of Heloise. The ties of a childish companionship had matured into that love which defies opposition and tolerates no obstacle and he realized his position with all the jealous anger that can be transformed from such a love.

"Having been, from his youth, of an extremely nervous temperament, the conflicting passions rankled mercilessly in his sensitive brain. The face and voice of Royer haunted him with jeering defiance. It cast over him a spell of sullen dejection, while his fertile imagination invented and enlarged suspicions until it became almost a mania. He was now no match for the elder and he knew that a resort to arms would be suicidal.

"As he lay awake one night, tossing and restless, a terrible solution came to him. Its simplicity was alluring. In the morning he went to the house of Royer. There were some sharp words, and when the two finally emerged there were weapons beneath the coat of the elder. They were not of wood this time and the tips which were just visible lacked the harmless button of the foil. Royer realized his physical advantage and readily conceded Perrion the choice of place.

"Leaving the town Perrion led the way toward the wood. Only one of them was to know the other's fate. Deep into the densest thickets he plunged as if guided by an unusual familiarity with his surroundings. Royer followed mechanically. As they entered the gloomy marshes Perrion moved more cautiously. He paused at

the edge of a level, sandy plot and glanced about uncertainly as if to assure himself of his bearings.

" 'This is the place,' he announced, taking his weapon unceremoniously.

"In a few seconds they were facing each other and circling about seeking for an opportunity to thrust. Royer's eyes never left the face of his enemy; he watched every movement intently. Twice his feet sank to the ankles in the marshy ground but he dared not glance down lest he be taken off his guard. Perrion was less cautious. Now and then he darted a furtive, anxious glance about as if fearing some intrusion. Royer was the more aggressive and gradually pushed his opponent toward the opposite edge. Taking advantage of one of Perrion's sudden distractions he lunged viciously at his breast. The thrust fell short, for as he stepped forward the bog suddenly gave way and Royer sank to his knees. He attempted to extricate himself and had almost succeeded when he discovered that the other foot had sunk deeper and that he was unable to aid himself. He looked toward Perrion.

" 'You'll have to help me, I guess.'

"Perrion stood staring at him blankly, the shadow of a fiendish smile about his mouth.

" 'Hurry, man! Can't you see I'm sinking!' and he made a little effort to raise himself. His hands sank into the mire, and as he pulled them out he forced his body deeper.

" 'I didn't come here to help you,' Perrion suggested.

"For a moment Royer remained speechless, glaring at the other's face.

" 'You dog!' he hissed. 'So this is your scheme? I'll kill you yet—I'll—' he made a desperate effort to loosen the terrible grip and sank to his waist.

" 'If I were you,' Perrion said mercilessly, 'I wouldn't do that again. The next time you'll go over your head. I saw a deer sink in the same spot in one minute because

she wouldn't keep still. You are in one of the worst quicksands in Europe, and the less excited you get the longer you'll live.'

"The bog was slowly creeping to his chest. His voice became hoarse and he breathed with great difficulty. His face was ashen and drawn with fearful mental agony. He cursed Perrion in one breath and plead childishly the next. As a condemned man regards his executioner, so Royer regarded Perrion. His eyes had the lifeless, shifting gaze of a maniac. Suddenly he threw up his arms and laughed brokenly. It was a hollow, metallic laugh, and the expression of his face remained unchanged.

" 'I see—I see, you were so anxious to choose the place—ha, ha—you were afraid—you knew I'd kill you. I'll do it yet—do it yet—you'll wish you were dead. Ha, ha! I'll haunt you—yes—you'll wish—'

"He had to pause for breath. He had sunk until only one shoulder was visible.

" 'I'll kill you—yet. I'll come back. I'll haunt you every night—yes, I'll—you'll. Ha, ha! I'll—kill—you—yet!'

"His dilated eyes seemed about to burst from their sockets. His mouth was drawn and twitched spasmodically. His breathing was in short gasps and caused a wheezing gurgle. With his free arm he plucked deliriously at his hair and throat. Perrion stood motionless strangely fascinated by the scene. Suddenly he broke away with an effort and struggled homeward, his thoughts in feverish confusion.

"He never acquired sufficient courage to approach the forest again. He could see that horrible face peering at him still, the muscles congested with excruciating agony.

"The town soon forgot the missing man. In the absence of conflicting theories it admitted the suggestion—begun by Perrion—that Royer had gone to America.

"Perrion lost no time in improving the opportunity he had so dearly bought. Heloise misinterpreted the

agitation with which he supplemented his earnest appeals and her old love returned. They were married a month after Royer's disappearance. Perrion recalled the exact date of the latter and in vain tried to blot it from his memory. Each month he was forced to live through the recurring date and the whole scene would be rehearsed in his thoughts. He resolved to break the spell by leaving the town. He sought the gaieties and frivolities of Paris without avail. The face was ever before his eyes. It glared at him from the printed page or peered over the graceful shoulders of the ballet. Heloise, misunderstanding his melancholia, reveled in the amusements of the great city and Perrion, often left alone, plunged despairingly into the wildest dissipation. Once he had in desperation resumed his brush, and finding himself unable to diver his thoughts he endeavored to reproduce the face upon his canvas. It served only to intensify the image and in superstitious awe he shrank from laying violent hands upon the picture.

"His already disordered brain reeled under the new strain, and it appeared that his shattered nerves were upon the verge of collapse. Worst of all, he dreaded the fearful anniversary. In less than a year he had become a physical, as well as a mental wreck. His hair now streaked with gray hung carelessly about his sunken temples, and his hollow eyes seemed to intensify the ashen hue of his countenance. Heloise, either failed to understand this change or attached no significance to it. Perrion had not the strength to tell her.

"The day arrived. An elaborate invitation, received by his wife, lay open before him with the date in accusing prominence.

"In the evening Heloise appeared gorgeously attired in dazzling white, a string of pearls about her bare throat. Perrion's haggard looks were in striking contrast to her splendid appearance.

"'You are going out to-night, Heloise?' he asked. He knew of course.

"'Yes, dear. I thought you knew. The club at the Delaney's this week.'

"'Shall I go with you?' he queried indifferently.

"'You? I'd have to drop you at the door. All those women—but why?' He had never suggested such a thing of his own accord.

"'Oh, I only thought—but, of course—I'm sorry you have to go out to-night.'

"'Why, to-night?'

"'I don't know—I wasn't feeling so very well, but don't mind me.'

"She leaned over his chair and arranged his disordered hair.

"'I won't be gone very long. It's not far and I'll come back early. Will you wait—oh, did you know you had some gray strands in your hair? But I must go. There—good bye. Will you wait?'

"'Yes, I—guess so.'

"Her hand was on the knob.

"'Promise?' she urged childishly.

"'I'll be here—right here,' he hesitated.

"As Heloise swept out of the room he had a mad desire to call her back but remained motionless gazing at the closed door. For a while he sat as though in a stupor. Suddenly it all came back to him with its overpowering weight—the day—Royer had said—he started involuntarily and looked about him.

"There was the face leering at him from the shadows. The phantom followed his gaze with tormenting persistence. With trembling hand he poured out a generous glass from a decanter. The silence was sepulchral. A moth imprisoned in the chandelier fluttered helplessly. He started and was about to rise, but he feared the creaking of his own footsteps.

"He closed his eyes upon the vision and there was that choking voice with its hysterical laugh. 'I'll come back. I'll haunt you—every night!'

"He lifted his head and looked about cautiously. He struggled to compose himself; an idea occurred to him to go out into the hall, but it was dimly lighted and he could fancy the spectre erect behind the doorway with uplifted arm threatening and expectant.

"He drank heavily. The voice seemed to become more and more horribly distinct. It was getting late. The little clock upon the mantel tinkled ten slowly and laboriously. He had forgotten Heloise; he could see nothing and hear nothing but the haunting spectre.

"He seemed to hear voices outside. They were laughing—no, it was the mirthless gasping of a dying man. 'Ha, ha,' it mocked. 'You'll wish you were dead. I'll—kill—you—yet.'

"It was as plain as he had ever heard speech. His eyes glued themselves to the door and his fingers tightened upon the fragile glass. Above the threatening voice he thought he perceived the ghost-like tread of feet upon the stairway. He heard it as it approached, never doubting that they would pause at his door. Closer they came like the stealthy step of a crouching animal—always closer.

"The steps had paused at the door. He knew they would.

" 'I'll—kill—you—yet!'

"The little glass crumbled in his grip, the edges cutting cruelly into the nerveless flesh. A hoarse groan died upon his swollen lips. His head fell forward upon the table and his arm hung lifeless by his side.

"There was a brief fumbling at the door and Heloise, resplendent with pearls and in spotless, dazzling white, stepped into the room——

"Now, the next picture here—this 'Sunset'—bad light—old school——"

I was not listening. I was peering through the melancholy canvas and witnessing scenes that were not represented by the modest pigments of Peirron.

—*Julian P. Alexander.*



## THE GOVERNOR

THE governor sat alone in his study, with his thoughts—and the pardon. It needed only his signature and William Dupont would be a free man. Three years past the city bank had failed, utterly and disastrously, carrying with it the slender fortunes of many an unfortunate family. The proofs were clear, William Dupont had been the guilty man. It had been the old story. A trusted and respected president had allowed himself to be drawn into politics, he had advanced funds to his friends, never to be repaid; then the inevitable double set of account books had continued the story, while the involved president was attempting to recoup his losses in the cotton market. Failure again—and more of the bank's funds were irretrievably lost. Discovery had been inevitable. Two years ago the doors of the penitentiary had closed behind the guilty bank president and eight years still remained of his sentence, but—his pardon lay on the governor's desk waiting to be signed.

Dupont had friends, strong friends. Since his conviction they had prospered politically, in fact they had gained control of the convention of their party then in session. It was the governor's party, too, and that the nomination by that convention meant certain election the governor well knew. He was young and ambitious, and had been a good governor, as governors go, in a state where there is but one party. He deserved the renomination and had fully expected it. But now the pardon of William Dupont lay on his desk, still unsigned. Unless he signed that pardon his name would never be brought before the convention, another man would receive the party nomination, and he, the young governor, would go back



to the village whence he had come—back to oblivion. It was hard, cruelly hard.

The governor knew Dupont was guilty, had known it from the first. If ever a criminal from the higher walks of life had deserved to pay the full penalty of his crime, it was this man whose pardon he was about to sign. About to sign? Had his thoughts carried him so far already? But there was the girl. The girl lived in this gay little capital, born to position in her own world, and to the southerner's pride of position. She was engaged to the governor now, and she was as ambitious as he. They had talked confidently of his second term, then of Washington, perhaps the Senate. He had only to put aside a scruple of conscience and all this might be his, and hers, yet. How could he ask her to share the life of a country lawyer in a little village up in the hills of his old home? Did he have the right to let his conscience stand in the way of her happiness?

"A lady to see you, sir," said his secretary's voice at the door.

"Who is it, Bangs?"

"Mrs. Dupont, sir," answered the sympathetic secretary.

"Mrs. Dupont, the wife of William Dupont, and the bosom friend in old days of the governor's mother! He could not trust himself to talk to her.

"Tell her I am too busy, Bangs."

"Very well, sir."

The door closed. The governor was alone once more with his thoughts, the pardon, and his waning courage. Perhaps, after all, he owed it to the people of his state to stay in office, that they might have honest government, such as they had enjoyed since he had been governor. "Hypocrite, hypocrite, hypocrite," whispered his conscience. Why had he not had the courage the night before to tell the girl all about it, instead of telling her his renomination was sure?

"A letter for you, sir," said Bangs, as he handed the governor an envelope bearing a special delivery stamp. It was from the girl. The governor waited a moment before opening it, and in that moment the scenes of years seemed to pass before him as before the eyes of the drowning.

"Arthur, dear, I have heard about the pardon, and I understand. Do whatever you think best for our happiness."

Whatever he thought best for their happiness! What was happiness? The problem was as old as the world, and he, the young governor, had to solve it now and for all time, for himself—and for her. If she had not known that Dupont deserved punishment, she would never have written as she had; but on the other hand, if she had not been so ambitious for him, she would certainly have advised him not to sign the pardon. As he sat almost overwhelmed by his dilemma, the governor seemed to see before him a drawing room in Washington, the house, *his* house, crowded with the brilliant assemblage of an official reception, and the girl, his wife, receiving her guests. He could see her now, slender, tall and graceful, speaking to one, now another, always at her ease. She was born for this, he could not take it away. A moment more, and the pardon of William Dupont lay on the governor's desk, signed.

Fascinated, he sat looking at it. Their happiness? When he signed the pardon of William Dupont he had signed the death warrant of his own happiness—and he knew it. Peace of mind would never be his again. As governor, and before that time, he had made mistakes, but always they had been mistakes of judgement. Never before had he stifled his conscience for ambition or anything else. He could not do it now. Almost unconsciously he picked up the pardon, tore it slowly in pieces, and dropped the pieces one by one into the basket at his feet. He had given up his career. That same night he

would tell the girl all about it—and give her up too. Then he would try to begin life over once more.

His hand touched a bell, and Bangs appeared. The governor spoke without turning his head. His voice seemed far away.

"Telephone Dupont's brother, and tell him I can not sign the pardon."

The door closed behind the secretary and the governor bowed his head on his hands in silent anguish. But no longer was he alone. Someone had followed the secretary through the open door and had heard the governor's words. It was the girl. She stood behind him now, silent and motionless, waiting lest she startle him. But in her eyes shown the light that has given joy to man since the beginning of the world. The governor had solved his problem.

—*John C. Cooper, Jr.*



## MY HEART I HOPE

WHEN happiness has blest my lot  
And joy has blossomed on my way,  
When life's strange path is darkened not  
But filled with flowers passing gay  
My heart, I hope that then to you  
I may come laden with bright cheer,  
And find that you will share it too—  
This realm where love shines bright and clear.

But when despair has filled my heart  
And shame, disgrace before me loom,  
When all my friends have drawn apart  
And leave me, lonely, in the gloom;  
My heart, I hope that then to you  
I may come, broken, for relief,  
And find that still you think me true  
And willing, then, to share my grief.

—*LaFayette Lentz Butler.*

## EVELEEN—AN IRISH TALE

## SONNET TO LOVE.

**S**OUL of love, thee everywhere I trace,  
In red sun's rays, in placid moon's cold beams,  
In light of stars, in music mild of streams,  
In fluent winds that woo the azure space,  
In sea majestic, mazarined in grace,  
In stir of dawn that with fair flowers teems,  
In calm of eve'n planet-sung in dreams,  
In rapture glorious of time or place,—

Soul of love, thy presence warm is felt  
Omnisciently in ocean, earth and sky,  
Yet most in man or maid thy warmth is dealt,  
Where thou, their life, art Immortality;  
The heart's thy fane where all thy treasures melt  
In ecstasy of passion pure and high.

Then as the daylight lessened and drooped away  
and the clouds darkened, in the quiet of a holy stillness,  
Torcall sang.

## TORCALL'S SONG.

Oh for the voice of the wind  
To whisper my love for thee!  
Not music of men would I find,  
But songs of sky and the sea.

I'd sing of the might of the world,  
Of the rocks, sea-kissed, and the sea;  
I'd liken my love to the world,  
Thy heart, love-kissed by me.

I'd sing of the sunlight in air  
Of the beams that flamboyantly flame,  
I'd liken the gleam of thy hair  
To the golden glare of the flame.

I'd sing of the gust of the gale  
As it fans the boisterous sea;  
I'd liken my love to the gale  
Which goads yet gladdens me.

The pearl-petalled flowers of heaven  
That garnish the ebony sky,  
I'd liken their lustre in heaven  
To the limpid light of thine eye.

Oh, for the voice of the wind,  
To whisper my love to thee!  
The beauties of world-love I'd find  
And liken them all to thee.

Thus sang Torcall, looking lovingly into her eyes, and Eveleen smiled as the sunlight smiles on the moor while the dew yet sparkles from the bracken. Her eyes, blue as the blue-bell, rich as the sky, looked only on Torcall. No peer had she of all the damsels dwelling on the Drogheda shore. Her grain-yellow hair was more golden and flashing, her eyes were deeper and larger; her throat was fuller and more cream-like. Her figure was like a cedar in grace. Throughout the wide coast there lived no more lustrous damsel than the rare Eveleen.

And Eveleen, when Torcall was finished of his singing, smiled, looking long into his eyes.

"Nay, darling," said she, "the voice of thee is softer than sea-breeze or tide, and more soothing than the wind that blows over a mountain lawn. I am loving thee that thou art Torcall and none else."

Their lips met, and for joy the lips of Eveleen trembled as in summer the rowan berries shimmer. Serene peace was in their hearts which beat as one heart, for love had united the two of them.

Now household duties called the maiden and she left Torcall's side to go to the hearth where, blowing upon the peat, she raised a tiny flame. Then she placed the kettle to boil and, spreading the board with a clean, white cloth, prepared the meal. On the board she set a jug of milk from the grass-eating kye, and a fresh cheese. Honey, which wild bees make, stealing the sunlight from the clover, she brought from the cupboard. While she was busied with these homely tasks, Little Brother and Father came in from their work and when they saw Torcall they were greeting him as a son and brother.

"We are glad for the seeing of thee. May blessed Mary, of the white sheep, bless thee and thy love for Eveleen!"

The Father seated himself at the board, and, after giving thanks, he partook of the meal with the others. Only Ulfar, the collie, that was the father's pride, growled and restlessly paced up and down, for sure, a storm was brewing and soon to break.

Little Brother went to the door for a moment to look at the gathering rain, and while he was looking some one unseen entered from the darkness. Then was the door closed.

The storm had come. With a blinding flash of lightning, the rain roared to pit its voice against the thunder. The house shook. The door rattled and groaned and much water leaked through the cracks. The peat fire sickened and died down. About the cabin the wind whistled, and, raising its voice, shrieked, and the forest trees bent through fear and more than one quicken-tree fell headlong to the earth, but his crashing was deadened by the din of thunder. The water brooks wept fiercely, and angrily dashed down gloomy rocks, drown-

ing themselves in the savage sea. The savage sea lashed his waves pitilessly and pummelled the gloomy rocks black now with water and seething. Great billows dashed against the coast, breaking in billions of pieces like glass hills fractured, and in vexation hissed, as snakes hiss, shrinking again into the sea's black bowels. The blast from the gale blew the skua and petrel and cormorant to shoreward, blending the cries of the sea birds with the howl of the sea. Sure, the storm was rough and rough the storm-wind.

A vivid flash and a splintering, splitting of Iubhar, the yew-tree protecting as a sentinel the cabin, aroused Eveleen and the others. Torcall ran to shield her, but repulsing him, she cried:

"The olden prophecy is to be fulfilled when Iubhar is smitten—Iubhar that roots in the earth and stretches to heaven—by the flash which roots in heaven and stretches to earth—when Iubhar is smitten of God, then has come the time for deciding."

Even as she spoke the storm was for clearing and the clouds parted. A small, pretty person, dressed in gay green with the fairest face and winsomest smile was standing behind Eveleen. Yet was he not seen of any nor was he for speaking, but only Torcall.

"What, Eveleen Asthore, is the meaning of thee? Thy speech is deep and I fear it."

"Ah, the hour of hours is come. The stone of sorrow is sunk in the heart of me. I would be tearing myself away. Sit thee down and I shall sing and my song shall tell thee what I mean."

Then was there silence in the cabin. Little Brother and the Father sat silent and closed their eyes and dreamed of far-off things. Torcall alone paid heed for the song troubled him which she sang yet he was silent.

And the song which she sang was short and the words few.



I would wander through glen and hillside  
And to God my heart I would bare,  
With the moon  
I'll commune  
At neap-tide,

And leave wailing work and cruel care.

As she sang the small, pretty person, dressed in gay green, smiled witchingly and music sounded amid the call of the sea.

"Are ye hearing them?" cried Eveleen, "they are calling—calling. Do ye heed?"

"Who, Eveleen?"

"Are ye not hearing the voice of the sea, deep and angry. He rages that I tarry. The pixies and fairies—I hear them. They scratch at the door. The creatures of air, and of land, and of sea bid me flee. The creatures the world and man, shall I be leaving for to go to them?"

And she ran to the door and looked into the night, now placid after the tempest.

"I see little Pookha. He sits as Brudhearg, the red throat, on the dead branch of the dead Iubhar. He calls and calls me."

By her Torcall stood and his arm was bound about her.

"Come within, little Eveleen, for sure only pixies and fairies are calling. Be not willing to heed—be turning from the night and the sea—enter once more the cabin."

"Ah, Torcall, to what end are the fragrant sea breezes and sea, the radiant flowers, the soft heather and bracken, the moor with the spicy roses and bay, the hills with the laughing brooks and singing trees, the skies with the mighty clouds, the golden sun and pretty stars? Is it we who crown all things, who should be turning from this beauty and bury ourselves in vile work? That is not life! Oh, I would play, I would dance, I would

dream! Is it all work and no play. Is there no rest, no peace? I am tired of show, I want life. Torcall, dear, the love of man is great, but not so great as the love of the pixies and fairies. Hark, they call again, and their voice is soft as the roses of graves."

And this is what the small, pretty person, dressed in gay green, now holding the hand of Eveleen, sang, and his voice rippled as brooks over stones or the skylark above the clouds.

THE FAIRIES SONG.

Away!

Come away, come away!  
Fireflies frolic the fair fields wide  
And brighten the meadows to welcome the bride.

Away!

Come away, come away!  
The lips of the loch are kissing the green  
And murmurs melodious welcome the queen.

Away!

Come away, come away!  
The witching of waters waft the soft lay,  
And pixies are dancing, panting to play.  
Away!

Come away, come away!

Then Torcall cried: "Nay, Eveleen, he but offers the half—the whole I offer. Love, passionate, human, living love that is strong and endures—this is the essence of our being. Sure the love for the fairie and pixie, the love for the hill and the stream is barren and bald when it is lacking the love for the man. Be heeding, Eveleen—thou wilt not be choosing between us—Pookha offers but himself—I offer both him and myself."

"Then, Torcall, then we shall wander through glen and hillside?"

"Follow—I am taking thee by the hand—together shall we two go. Sure the air and land mingle in love but it is not the highest love—it is incomplete. Yet the life that is lacking in either is small. Ah, Eveleen Asthore, we shall find peace and love in the world together, not apart."

Then shrank the small, pretty person, dressed in gay green—he disappeared and a light lightened the forest and glens and hills.

"Torcall, thou art right, beloved! Alone, the fairies cannot complete my life. Thou canst. Together shall we go."

Their lips met and she was folded in the arms of Torcall and her head lay upon his beating heart.

—*Cortlandt van Winkle.*



## SILENCE

WHEN all the tongues of nature pour a strain  
That deafens mortal ears to all below—  
The petty strifes, the rushings to and fro  
For what a blinded world considers gain;  
When all our soul is thrilled with her refrain,  
And every star and every sunset's glow,  
And all the trees and all the winds that blow  
Create the harmonies we seek in vain  
With ears of clay; 'Tis then that thou art near  
Sweet pregnant silence of the universe.  
Like hooded priest thou tak'st away the curse  
Of ever clanging nothings in our ear—  
Nothings that oft unmind us of God's song.  
Beguile us, silence from the deafened throng.

—H. E. Joy.

## Aftermath

### MORNING

**A**WAKE, in the morning's twilight;  
 Awake, at the first bird-song;  
 Awake, when the earth is breathing—  
 Breathes, deep sweet, and strong.  
 The day in it's stately progress  
 Has heralded far and near  
 It's coming with rose-tints dainty—  
 Awake, for the day is here.

—*Spencer W. Phraner.*

### CLOUDS IN CLEAR SKIES

**T**HE day was one of September's fairest, cool and invigorating, one of those which come only at such long intervals that we never tire of them. Hill and valley alike seemed to beckon us eagerly for a stroll through the woods or along the bank of some clear stream, or for a more arduous climb up the steep slope of some forest-clad mountain. Unable to resist Dame Nature's cordial invitation we two had set out, whither we knew not, intent only upon a morning in communion with the spirit of all outdoors. An hour's ramble had led us to the edge of a high cliff, below which rolled the peaceful valley of the headwaters of a great river, dotted with meadow and woodland; here a flock of sheep like little more than dots upon the distant landscape, there the house and barns of some thrifty tiller of the soil. Behind us rose the mountains from the fastnesses of which we had so lately emerged. Across the valley,

some eight or nine miles distant, Mount Monadnock reared its mighty slopes, lord of the country around, king in the isolation of its grandeur.

As we watched it a mist seemed to gather over its summit, the more noticeable since the sky was well nigh cloudless. In a moment it had become a dark cloud, threatening to the eye, and bearing the distant roar of thunder to the ear. Hastily we started for shelter hopeful of regaining the broad porches of the mountain inn long before the storm should overtake us. But in this we were mistaken; it seemed but a moment before it was upon us—thunder, lightening rain, hail, snow, sleet, in a confusion such as it has not been my lot to experience before nor since. And even quicker than it had come upon us, it was gone, the sun was shining. Nature was smiling upon us with her fairest smile; but we, drenched and utterly unappreciative, were slowly retracing the path over which we had so lately come. in such different spirits.

—*J. Craig Peacock.*

WHEN ALL THE WORLD WITH ROSES  
BLEW

WHEN all the world with roses blew,  
And rose leaves paved the fragrant way  
Neath mad-red bowers, bright with dew,  
Where summer winds were wont to play,  
I once crept out to share its bliss,  
Its dripping incense, and its hue  
Of red blown wild—I found a kiss  
And love—and *you*,  
And thought my golden dream come true!

When all the world was gold with death,  
 And dead leaves choked the sullen brook,  
 While autumn breathed a chill cold breath  
 And frosted my beloved nook,  
 I stole to share its sad regret,  
 Its cold haunts where once roses blew.  
 Again I fancied that I met  
 Both love—and *you*,  
 Yet laden was my heart with rue!

—*LaFayette Lentz Butler.*

## THE BROWN JUG

**I**N the sceond year of the reign of Monterey, called the Clay King, from the pottery industries that sprang up during his reign, there came to the Herz forest two brothers. And these brought with them many and curious ideas in the fashioning of pottery which afterwards brought fame to the land and the King. But the most curious of these their works and the one which most interested the King was a jug so fashioned as to hold wine or water even during the whole lifetime of a man. And of this I shall try to tell.

Now Monterey was a learned man and most eager after knowledge. And when he heard of the vessels which the two brothers were fashioning by the great forest he summoned them before him and demanded to know their secret and the process by which the vessels were made.

And the brothers made answer and said it was a long and curious tale and they feared to weary the King. So the King appointed the morrow for the audience and bade them prepare their tale and he summoned his court. And I was present and heard the tale as I now give it.

On the day appointed the two brothers, Franz and Wils, appeared before the King and all his court to relate their tale. Now it seems Franz was a most awesome man

while Wils was a quiet man and prone to see visions and dream dreams of which his brother made great sport.

So Wils kept the house in order while Franz gained their living from the forest, which has long supplied man and beast. For Franz was a great man, strong and keen in the chase. But it was Wils who brought fortune to them both and fame to the land.

For, as Franz tells the tale, Wils kept the house while he was overtaken abroad by a great storm such as often occur in these parts. And the thunder and the lightning rolled and played around the house so that it seemed to quiver to its very base as though shaken by some giant hand. For the peasants declared Asletor rolls in his sleep and shakes the forest.

And it seemed to Wils, cowering as he was in the corner of the hut, as though something or other were moving by the side of the great oak that sheltered their door. And it moved with a motion that belonged to neither man or beast. Then there came a great flash and discovered to the cowering Wils this monster that threatened him. And its gaze was toward the rude brown jug that held their wine on the table. And Wils was stricken with terror and closed his eyes to the sight. Then there came a greater flash and he looked and saw the figure with one claw over the jug, and the lightning seemed to run down, as fire runs along dry grass, down into the jug. Then all was dark as before, until the storm passed by, neither did it lighten nor thunder more. And the stricken Wils dared not raise his eyes he was so afraid.

And Franz came home and found him cowering in the dark and shook him to find him dry raiment. And Wils told him his tale. Then Franz, in fear for their jug and the wine that had been in it, went and examined the place where the figure had been seen and no sign found he. Only the jug was curiously covered within by a darker covering which shone. And Wils would



have broken and cast away the jug but Franz would not let him. And they found that their wine leaked not out as before. And many came and looked on the jug to see what manner of spell this was that had been wrought. But Franz scoffed at their sayings and all the while worked to see how he could do the same by fire. And he built him a curious oven in the woods and toiled there all the day.

And some time after, at mid-day, he came back through the forest to show Wils what he had accomplished. And lo! he had another jug curiously colored and shining like the first, but Wils would not stay in the place for he said there was an enchantment there. And he believed not his brother that he had wrought the jug so himself. So they moved to the edge of the forest and wrought there many jugs like the first. And Wils overcame his fear and wrought with his brother. And many and curious jugs wrought they until the word came, as I have told unto the King.

And when they had finished their tale and all had heard with amaze, the King commanded that they bring jugs fashioned as they had told unto him. And they did. And the King again summoned the brothers. And when they had appeared before him he addressed them. And he said: "This is a mighty work ye have wrought, and it is our will that ye stay here at the palace." And he would not hear their protests.

So they came and he gave them fine raiment and many jewels, and they taught the potters of the land until the fame of the land and of Monterec spread abroad. And much wealth brought they to the land and themselves. And they died much honored by the King and the people, and their work lives after them as a great and lasting honor to their names.

—*Alex. R. Howell.*

## TRIOLET

YOU lowered your eyes and whispered, "No,"  
When first I came to woo—  
You fain would jest with me, and so  
You lowered your eyes and whispered, "No,"  
But 'twas so soft and sweet and low  
I dared to say, "Dost mean it, true?"  
You lowered your eyes and whispered, "No,"  
When first I came to woo.

—J. I. Scull.

## Editorial

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### THE UNDERGRADUATE AND THE SOCIAL CO-ORDINATION OF THE UNIVERSITY

In the *Alumni Weekly*, for June twelfth (the last issue of the Academic year), and for September twenty-fifth appear articles which every Princeton man should carefully study. These articles are of especial interest to us as undergraduates, for as such we are that part of the life of the University which is said to be in need of "radical reorganization."

*Is Intellectual  
Atmosphere  
lacking?*

In these articles it is stated that Princeton is at a great crisis of her career, owing to the predominance of interests other than intellectual, that social co-ordination is necessary and that the upper class clubs (as they now exist), stand in the way of this object. We feel that the report of the present conditions of undergraduate life that logically preceded the statement of proposed reforms is unjust to the clubs (as institutions), to the men now in the clubs, and to the student body. We feel that those, who have in these articles described the undergraduate situation and advocated the Residential Quad. system, have failed to take into consideration the equation of human nature. A university, like the world about it, is made up of all kinds of men. The best man uses his life to the best of his ability, as he understands the purpose for which he was placed in the world, taking such things as support, enjoyment and recreation as side issues. In a university the students have one dominant aim—an education. And yet there is and should be

ample room for men of various types and tastes. This is where the personal equation enters. "You can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink." This is an age when almost every young man, who has the means, goes to college. Necessarily, therefore, in such a cosmopolitan crowd there must be different degrees of interest in and aptitude for purely intellectual work. It is necessary, of course, that the intellectual should predominate sufficiently to leaven the whole mass. It would be a misfortune if the atmosphere of a university should become so separate from the atmosphere of the living, moving world that graduates, when they leave their Alma Mater, should feel ill at ease in the more active and larger interests of the universe. We believe that the intellectual atmosphere in this university and the interest in things worth while is daily growing more influential. The Preceptorial System is in a large measure responsible for this advance. We have only to look at the various publications, organizations and institutions that flourish here and observe their vital connection with things intellectual to see their educational value. But it should be remembered that the men who are living in and creating this intellectual atmosphere, talk a great deal less loudly and are much less conspicuous to the superficial observer than the few men who are idling away their college opportunities.

*Are the Upper  
Class Clubs  
responsible?*

It is said that the upper class clubs are largely responsible for the present difficulties. Indeed the evils of the club system occupy most of the report of the committee of the Trustees. In speaking of the clubs this report says: "Their organization is entirely outside university action; has no organic connection whatever with anything academic; produces interests which absorb the attention and the energy of the best undergraduates as of all others, and yet nowhere interpenetrates the associations which arise out of study, carries no flavor with it

which it might not as well have in any other town or in any other similar environment." A more general and serious attack on the character of the clubs it would be difficult to imagine. We are of the opinion that it is in large part without foundation. Do not misunderstand us. We believe that there are serious evils connected with the club system, but it is a poor physician that removes the blemish of a mole by cutting off the limb. It is true that the clubs of late years have occupied a position of undue prominence. Individuals and clubs have acted wrongly and have, in some cases, escaped just punishment. We do not believe that this was due to any great failure of morals among Princeton undergraduates. Public opinion was dormant and there were those among us who were careless of the responsibility with which we were entrusted. Added to this was the fact that the Inter-Club Treaty was variously interpreted by different men and conviction for violation almost impossible. Finally men began to awake to the situation and endeavors were made to better the treaty. Then the cry was raised that Princeton was at a tremendous social crisis and the limelight of public criticism was turned upon the clubs. Immediately people began to find fault—not a difficult thing to do where human institutions are concerned—and the first thing we knew our mole hill was grown to a mountain. The violations of the treaty were exaggerated, and the many men who attended to their work and play, according to the dictates of common sense, passed unnoticed because attention was not focused upon them.

*Is the Residential Quad. System the only solution?*

As a remedy for this situation, which is generally described as a failure of the social and intellectual life to interpenetrate, it is proposed to abolish the present club system and introduce the Residential Quads. In his address to the Board of Trustees the President said: "The finest evidence of the spirit of Princeton seems to

me to lie in the fact that the undergraduates themselves have, during the past year, come to recognize the situation in all its significance and to wish for an entire emancipation from it, by no matter how radical a remedy." In reply we can only beg that the undergraduate body should be really asked what its opinion is on the situation. Shall we understand that the plan is definitely adopted and that merely the details are to be discussed? And what shall we understand to be the details? The method of assigning men to the Quads. is of the very essence of the system. The undergraduates do not understand the method described. They are asking, for instance, what is meant by the phrase "virtually by lot." With regard to this system as a cure for cliques we ask, with the utmost concern, how it is possible that it will accomplish this purpose. It is human nature to prefer to spend one's leisure time with one's friends and those who are congenial, and indeed it is a man's inalienable right to choose his companions. How then are you to prevent friends from associating? That cliques will thrive under this proposed Quad. system we thoroughly believe. The history of Oxford shows it. Furthermore, the essential idea of this system is undemocratic and threatens the disruption of a unified Princeton. A man does not win his way to a certain Quad., but is assigned by lot, expression of preference, or perhaps heredity. Suppose a man became deservedly unpopular with his Quad. mates. It is reasonable to say that he would be snubbed and slighted, and that his life would be extremely unhappy by reason of enforced association with those who disliked him and were in turn disliked by him.

What we understand to be the evils of the present undergraduate system we do not believe to lie at the root of our present social life. These evils appear to be mere excrescences. The remedy lies not in any one thing, but in the accomplishment of several things. The abolishment of the sophomore clubs; a commons where any

man in the University, who so desires, may take his meals; the enlargement and development of such organizations and institutions as are of educational value in the University (and there are many); and perhaps a freer system of electives where a sophomore can study (even more than now) such things as he is interested in. These things we think would go far towards solving the problem. But only a strong public opinion can really elevate and regulate the conditions of our social life in the long run. The attempt to regulate them by a system of surveillance would only aggravate the evils which it is proposed to cure. Just now, it must be remembered, we are in a position where it requires time to regain a normal condition. While public opinion is recovering from its dormant period and awaking to its responsibilities, we need fearless men to straighten out the club situation and patient men to develop further the interpenetration of social and intellectual life.

This Qaudrangle idea is not at all connected with nor analogous to the Preceptorial plan. That plan deals with intellectual studies, which can be arranged by authority. This new idea deals with personal relations, friendship, companionship and human intercourse, which must be voluntary to have any value.

Finally: We ask most earnestly that a further investigation of the present situation be made and that the undergraduates (the men in immediate touch with conditions) be taken into the confidence of those who seek to promote a higher social and intellectual life in Princeton University.

Monday, September 30th, 1907.

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The editors take great pleasure in announcing the election of Mr. J. P. Alexander to the editorial board of this magazine.

## Editor's Table

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The casual undergraduate abserver, with no more than the popular undergraduate interest in college literary work, might be led to believe that Commencement, with all its pleasures and duties, would cause a slackening of interest in the last number for the college monthlies. Such, we are happy to say, was in no wise the case last June. Indeed, if there were any change to be remarked, it was in the other direction. Especially was this improvement marked in the case of magazines, which include in their June number some account of the activities of Commencement week, or in other ways make a special feature of the Commencement number.

The *Vassar Miscellany* is made very interesting by a special contribution entitled "The Environment of Vassar College," containing departments devoted to Astronomy, Geology, Botany, Zoology, History, Literature and Libraries. Many of these sections are contributed by members of the faculty, we take it, and are rendered attractive by a series of photographs of an unusually high order for a college paper. As an advertisement, such an article must prove alluring to the sub-freshman who has come to look over the ground for the following year. "On the Coast of Maine" is a little sextette of sea verses, filled with the love of the spray and the feel of the tiller. "Fairy Gold" lives up to its title—a modern fairy tale and in good fairy style. "The Promise" is a hard story of the "submerged tenth," where it is difficult to find art. But we wonder where the author became so well acquainted with east side slang, for it rings true—unusually true for the girls' college story. "The Loss" is one of the best child stories of the year, with a very unusual insight into the hidden chambers of the child mind. The author has portrayed the reasonings found there in clever, genuine dialogue, and with



a pleasingly simple sympathy. We congratulate her. We wish the dialect in "Mine Yulia" could receive equal commendation, but in places we feel that it fails miserably. On the whole, the number is readable and good.

The *Yale Courant* is the only paper whose June issue fell below the standard. And why, pray, need a writer's efforts be handicapped by drawings and decorations which scarcely approach the mediocre and must add considerably to the cost of publication? "The Miracle of St. Denys" is by far the best thing in the number, while all the verse exceeds the prose. We must hope for better things with the new year.

The *Harvard Monthly* contains an excellent assortment of prose, and one good poem—"Tschaikowsky." Of the prose, "The Unfinished Madonna" is a story of the art quarter—where, we do not know, and contains good color, though of a sombre tone. "Len" is one of those stories which is difficult to judge. It contains some good drawing, and the handling of the characters is clever, yet the insane suicide is a character so distressing as to almost forbid of portrayal.

We regret the fact that all the interesting exchanges cannot receive individual attention, but we must dismiss them with the general commendation that the June numbers have proved the most interesting of the year.



## Book Talk

**"The Censorship of the Church of Rome"**

If Dr. George Haven Putnam's "The Censorship of the Church of Rome" is not an exhaustive study of the subject which he undertakes, still it is a very elaborate and highly satisfactory research. The author has been fortunate enough to examine personally the more important indexes which he describes, thus lending an authoritative value of unusual importance to his statements. Dr. Putnam sets forth the purpose of the book when he says, "I have undertaken to present a record of the indexes which have been issued under the Church of Rome between 1546 and 1900."

The Index which was usually, though not always, issued by the church, contained the title of books condemned under special decrees of the church, as well as those which had fallen under the censorship of the civil authorities. The writer has divided the history of the Index into two periods.

1. From 1559, when the papal censorship begins, with the publication of "*Index Auctorum et Librorum*," under Paul IV., till the close of the 16th century.

2. From the Council of Trent till 1758, when the Index of Benedict XIV was issued.

In the first period the chief subject matters are questions raised by the Reformation; in the latter period, controversies on the issue of doctrine, opinion and conduct arising within the church itself.

Dr. Putnam says that the work done by the congregation of the Index of the 19th century may constitute a third period, in which, however, the censorship has taken the form of statements of general principles in place of detailed lists of books.

We have neither space nor time to indicate the many indexes which have been issued, nor even mention all the chief offenders, prominent among whom are Saint Paul, Abelard, Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Galileo, Erasmus and others. The Spanish Inquisition was the effective body in executing the censorship.

The author points out that this method of indexes was a means of preserving literature which might have been lost otherwise, thus having a negative virtue. He also treats at length of its influence on authors, professors, publishers and booksellers in the various European states.

Dr. Putnam's work has been an arduous one, yet there is a recompense, for he has succeeded in writing a very satisfactory treatise, not only of high value as a compendium for the student, but also an excellent addition to a reference library. (*The Censorship of the Church of Rome and Its Influence on the Production and Distribution of Literature*, by G. H. Putnam, 2 volumes, each \$2.50; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)

L. L. B.

**Lollee's "History  
of Comparative  
Literature"**

Frederick Lollee's "History of Comparative Literature," translated by M. D. Power, is an important contribution to philological literature.

Written with all of the deftness and versatility of a Frenchman, it has been admirably translated. Of course it is lacking in details, but this is rather in its favor than against it, for such a subject might be easily made cumbersome by mere data and bibliography.

The scope of the work is of the broadest nature, namely, to compare the whole world's literature, and Mr. Lollee beginning with Egypt and Chaldea, "two lonely planets moving in space in the heart of universal night," as the first literary nations, traces their growth and development of literature through the succeeding cycles of centuries down to our own day.

His general conclusions deduced after his survey of the field are very interesting, but it would not be fair to publish them here; on the contrary we refer the reader to them, and whether they agree with Mr. Loliee or not, they must admit that his book is brilliant, as well as ingenuous. (*A History of Comparative Literature*, by Frederick Loliee, \$1.75; G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)

L. L. B.

Montesquien's  
"Lettres  
Persanes"

In the "Letters Persanes," Montesquieu has painted for us a vivid picture of French life during the first quarter of the 18th century. It purports to be the correspondence of a certain Persian gentleman then residing in Paris and some of his friends at home. Under cover of this anonymous book, Montesquieu attacked the follies of his day, whether they were in society, politics, religion or letters. Everything was weighed in the balance by this impartial judge, and woe to it if it were found wanting!

The "Letters Persanes" was the first indication of what later became known as the *Philosophe* Movement, and its satires found instant favor with the mass of the people and assured the author's success as a writer. The letters are short and interesting and we can see in them an introduction to the more serious "Esprit des Sois" which appeared later. Even now, we are not so far removed from those days as to be out of sympathy with the author and we can find in his reflections much food for meditation.

I. T. W.

"Brown, of  
Harvard"

Brown of Harvard savours of the modern stage. In its endeavors to surprise the audience and be clever, it succeeds only in creating an atmosphere of artificiality. The book holds the reader's attention owing to the unexpectedness of the adventures related. Indeed, what is one not to expect when one reads that the class in one

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of the largest universities in the country spreads mucilage on the professor's chair. This is amusing, but it belongs to prep. school. The climax of the ridiculous is reached with the hero and heroine repairing their broken engagement on the campus in full view of the dormitory windows. The difficulty with this book is that it creates a totally wrong impression of college and one that a college man resents. Like the *Nature Fakir* books, it makes extraordinary adventures (to put it mildly) stand as characteristic truths.

The book is a mere extravaganza, and as such, amusing. We hope that nobody is deluded into considering it a just portrayal of American college life. (Brown of Harvard, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, \$1.50.)

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